

# Summer Wind

Poem by William Cullen Bryant

Edward Lein (June 4, 2009)

*Andantino* (♩=60)

It is a sul-try day; the sun has drunk the dew that lay up-on the morn-ing grass; there is no rust-ling in the lof-ty elm..that can-o-pies my dwel-ling, and its shade scarce cools me. All is si-lent, save the faint And in-ter-rup-ted mur-mur of the bee, Set tling on the sick flow-ers, and then a-gain in-stant-ly on the wing. The plants a-round feel the too po-tent fer-vours: The tall.maize rolls up its long green leaves. the clov-er droops its ten-der fo-liage and de-clines its blooms. But far in the fierce sun shine tow-er the hills, with all their growth of woods, si-lent and stern, as if the scorch-ing heat and daz-zling light Were but an e-le-ment they loved. Bright clouds, mo-tion-less pil-lars of the bra-zen hea-ven, Their bas-es on the moun-tains, their white tops, Shin-ing in the far eth-er, fire the air With a re-flec-ted ra-di-ance, and make turn the gaz-er's eye a-way. For me, I lie Lan-guid-ly in the shade, where the thick turf, Yet vir-gin from the kis-ses of the sun, Re-tains some fresh-ness, and I woo the wind That still de-lays its com-ing. Why so slow,

